

## Personal Artifacts Never To Share

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Summary: Over the years, Riley kept a box of personal artifacts that she tried not to share with anyone else. Each artifact contained loads of memories, and with high school graduation right around the corner, Riley finds herself in need of revisiting some of those memories. (Very, very slight hint of Rucas if you read into it)

## Personal Artifacts Never To Share

\_\*\*A/N: I realize I should probably be working on \*\*\_\*\*And They Call it Rodeo \*\*\_\*\*right now, but I needed a distraction. I've been rather stressed thanks to papers, labs, and other craziness in my life that I just needed to focus my energy on something different for a change. I'll do my best to try and work on it sometime soon, but I cannot promise anything.\*\*\_

\_\*\*The Personal Artifacts Never to Share (P.A.N.T.S.) box concept is not mine. It was on an episode of Chuck during their fifth season, and the other night I was wondering what Riley would have in it if she had one.\*\*\_

\_\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own Girl Meets World or the P.A.N.T.S. box concept.\*\*\_

Riley shook her head and let out an exhausted sigh as she placed a cedar box on her bed. The box itself was around two feet in length, and was as tall as it was deep " about six inches. A faded and tattered piece of paper was taped to its lid. She traced over her own handwriting that was scrolled onto the page which read, \_P.A.N.T.S. box " Personal Artifacts Never to Share.\_ It was rare that she ever brought this box out of her closet. She was either putting something new inside it or looking back over the memories which lay inside. Tonight it was the latter.

She ran a hand through her long hair as she looked over at her clock

which blinked just past one in the morning. It was hard to believe that time moved by so fast. Riley could have sworn that it was just yesterday that she was starting seventh grade with Maya, Farkle, and Lucas. Now, she was just thirty two hours away from graduating high school and moving onto college. It seemed so surreal, and she found herself feeling almost as nervous as when she was about to graduate middle school. She couldn't believe that this was it " the end of senior year, and the beginning of meeting the world on her own. Back when she was twelve, she yearned to break free of her father's world. Now, Riley wished that she could stay in it for just a bit longer. Starting high school was one thing " meeting the actual world was something else. Something she wasn't sure she was ready for yet.

It was in these times of uncertainty that Riley would reach for her \_P.A.N.T.S.\_ box and pull out some great memories. As Riley lifted the lid, the warm scent of cedar reached her nose, offering some comfort as tears began to sting her eyes.

Riley didn't have much in the box itself. Most of her mementos were either hanging up on one of her walls, in one of many scrapbooks she had kept over the years, or sitting on a shelf. These were special " that was why they weren't to share. Sitting on top, there were a few small tokens that seemed to smile up at her. The first one she took out was a photograph of herself and Maya. Sure, everyone knew about her and Maya's friendship " they had been friends forever, so it was no secret to anyone, even those who barely knew them. But there was something about this particular photograph that helped her realize that no matter what happens, they'll always remain the best of friends. High school was enough proof of that for sure.

After she set that photo aside, she picked up the only other photo that was in the box. This one was of her and all of her close friends: Maya, Farkle, Lucas, Zay, and Smackle. All of them formed such a tight knit group throughout high school " one that many people were jealous of. No matter what happened in life, they were always there for each other. She desperately hoped that this would continue throughout college, especially since a few of them were heading off to different colleges. As Riley set this image on top of the other, a warm feeling spread through her chest. This only allowed her hope to grow.

The next object she pulled out most people would find rather strange. It was a chunk of drywall that was painted blue " a piece of her old bay window. While the bay window still had all of their old memories imbedded in it, Riley liked to keep a little reminder of what it used to be; of who she used to be.

Riley allowed a small smile spread over her lips as she reached for the next object " Lucas' boot. She had given back most of his shoes long ago " all but the first one her father stole. Even though her mother had taken it to keep in a safe place all those years ago, Riley had managed to go sneaking through her mother's closet to find it and put it in her \_P.A.N.T.S.\_ box only a few months after. While her mom never did ask her about how it disappeared, Riley knew that her mother had known it was gone soon after she took it. She had given her daughter a knowing look at the dinner table that night.

It was funny " every once in a while Lucas would ask if he could have his shoe back; even to this day, despite knowing it wouldn't fit anymore. Soon, it grew to be an inside joke between the two. She had

debated on giving it back to him as a graduation present, but she soon dismissed it from her mind. \_I may give it back to himâ€| someday, \_ she thought as the smile grew upon her lips.

The last item was something that she was given years ago, and she had only removed it from this environment once several years ago â€ her father's Phillies hat. This was the first item that she put into the \_P.A.N.T.S.\_ box; it was where it belonged. Despite thinking that their daddy-daughter story was drawing to a close when she was in seventh grade, it was, in fact, just beginning. They had gone to several Phillies games over the years, including a few times when they played the Mets. All of these games nearly caused Riley to tear her hair out due to the fact she was torn between loyalty to her father's team and loyalty to her home team. Her father also felt this, too, but not to the same extent as Riley. That and he would always end up rooting for the Phillies in the end. No matter how hard Riley tried, she just couldn't pick a side.

As she began to tuck all the items back in place, Riley recalled that there was one item missing. She had taken it out soon after she put it in â€ Pluto. It belonged in the time capsule instead. Not being able to see it every once in a while helped to test her. Did she still believe in things? She had so far, and she hoped she continued to â€ even after they dug up their time capsule in another ten years.

Riley shut the box's lid and slid it back into the back corner of her closet. As she slid underneath the covers, she bit her lip. College was just around the corner, and it terrified her. However, there was one thing she knew for sure. No matter what happened, she had the greatest people around her helping her along the way.

\_\*\*A/N: Let me know what you thought of it! Also, do you think anyone else would have a P.A.N.T.S. box? If so, let me know who and what you think would be inside. If there's enough, I may turn this into a series of one shots (but it may take a while), and if not I'll just leave this as is. \*\*\_

End  
file.